

PRESENTING AGAIN: THE GREATEST HEROES OF EARTH—TWO—
AND THE ARMS INFERNO THAT WAS THE SECOND WORLD WAR!

CARNAGE FOR CHRISTMAS!

'SO WE HAD WON AFTER ALL...
I WENT TO BED AND SLEPT THE SLEEP
OF THE SAVED AND THANKFUL.'

--PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL,
WRITING OF HIS REACTIONS UPON
HEARING THE NEWS OF PEACE HARBOR.

WUXTRY! WUXTRY!
READ ALL ABOUT
IT!

JUSTICE
SOCIETY
BREAKS UP!
THEY'RE IN
THE ARMY
NOW!!

ALL-STAR SQUADRON



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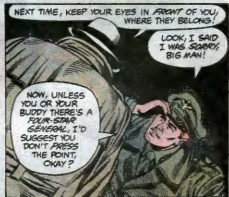
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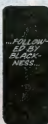
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THUS, WITHIN THE MINUTE, IN A DARKENED CHAMBER OFF CONNECTICUT AVENUE, THE FLICKERING IMAGES BEGIN TO APPEAR:



W-WE WERE AWARE OF THAT FACT, HERR BARON--AND MAJOR ZWIGS--WHEN WE CREATED THIS FILM, USING TWO OF THE ROBOTS YOU SUPPLIED US, AS WELL AS STOCK FOOTAGE OF A BRITISH DESTROYER.

YET, SURELY YOU KNOW PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS A MAN IN HIS WAY--AND NOT EVEN THE AMERICAN PUBLIC KNOWS JUST HOW RAVAGED HIS BODY WAS BY THE POLIOMYELITIS WHICH STRUCK HIM DOWN IN 1920. HE--

WHAT ZWIGS MEANS, SCHWEINHUND, IS THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE POSITIONED THE ROBOT JUST AS ROOSEVELT IS USUALLY SEEN IN SUCH INSTANCES--

--STANDING, YES, BUT WITH THE AID OF A CANE--

--AND WITH A MAN SUPPORTING HIM ON ONE SIDE!

TH--THERE IS NO TIME TO CHANGE THAT NOW, HERR BARON...IF THE FILM IS TO BE SHAGGLED OUT TO BERLIN THIS VERY NIGHT!

IN TRUTH, BARON, I DO NOT THINK THEIR STUPID ERROR WILL HARM OUR LITTLE PROJECT.

WHEN OUR REAL ROBOT EXPLODES--AND BOTH MEN ARE DEAD BY THEN--THE FILM WILL BE ACCEPTED AS REAL BY THOSE IT IS MEANT FOR, BOTH IN THE OCCUPIED AND IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES.

THEY WILL SIMPLY BELIEVE THE AMERICANS TRIED TO SUPPRESS SUCH GRISLY FOOTAGE...FOR THEY'LL SEE REAL CORPSES, NOT THE ROBOTS, OF COURSE!

AND IF THAT FAILS, HERR BARON--PLEASE REMEMBER WE HAVE OUR OTHER GUEST HERE, AS A BACK-UP MEASURE!

JA... BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR THIS ONE, WHOM YOU KEEP STANDING IN DARK SHADOWS.

THERE MUST BE NO SLIP-UPS, MY FRIENDS...

IN THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 22, 1941--IN THE HISTORIC MOMENT WHEN A BRITISH PRIME MINISTER SHOULD BE GREETING AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT--

--BOTH MUST FALL, AS PLANNED BY BARON BLITZKRIEG!

IN BATTLE JOINED!

MEANWHILE, IN A CERTAIN
CHAMBER IN A SOMEWHAT MORE
CELEBRATED WASHINGTON LOCALE:

WELL, WELL... COME IN,
MY FRIEND! NICE TO
SEE YOU AGAIN.

IT SEEMS ALL
THE SECRET
SERVICE'S
PRECAUTIONS
DIDN'T FAZE
YOU A BIT.

YOU *ALMOST* HAD
GIVEN YOURSELF A
BIT OF TROUBLE BY
USING THE FRONT
GATE, HOWEVER.

I KNOW, MR.
PRESIDENT... AND
GOOD EVENING
TO YOU.

BUT THERE'S
ALWAYS SOME
EASER BEAVER
AROUND WHO
WANTS TO FINGER-
PRINT A FELLA...

... AND WE *MYSTERY-*
MAN TYPES TEND TO
BE KIND'A TOUCHY
ABOUT OUR PRIVACY.

ARF
ARF
ARF

QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE...
AND PAY NO ATTENTION
TO ARLA'S BARKING,
PLEASE, ATOM.

MY LITTLE
SCOTTIE FINDS
IT HARD TO
TELL FRIEND
FROM FOE
THESE DARK
DAYS.

WHO *DOESN'T*,
MR. PRESIDENT?

AREN'T YOU
TAKING A CHANCE,
THOUGH, BY NOT
CALLING YOUR
GUARDS?

I COULD BE ANYBODY THIS
SIDE OF *MICKY ROONEY* UNDER
THIS MASK, YOU KNOW.

OH, I *DO* THINK I KNOW WELL
ENOUGH THE VOICE OF THE YOUNG
MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE IN THIS
VERY ROOM, JUST OVER A YEAR
AGO.

IT WAS ALL
ANY AMERICAN
WOULD HAVE DONE,
SIR... EVEN A
REPUBLICAN.

"I LIKE TO THINK THEY'D HAVE TRIED, AT LEAST," CHUCKLES THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES... "BUT OF COURSE, NOT EVERY MAN HAS THE IRON CONSTITUTION TO TAKE A MAGICAL BOLT DOLED OUT BY AN AUTHENTIC GERMAN VALKYRIE--A BLAST MEANT FOR ME--

-- AND STILL WALK AWAY FROM IT!

UNNN!

SLANT!

"YOU TOLD ME LATER, OF COURSE, HOW THE MAGIC OF THE FORMIDABLE DOCTOR FATE DREW OUT MOST OF THE MAGICAL POISON; SO TO SPEAK, FROM YOUR SYSTEM... OR YOU WOULD HAVE DIED.

"BUT I LIKE TO THINK I MADE MY LITTLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE EVENING, AS WELL, BY SUGGESTING...

IT'S A SHAME OUR HEROES CAN'T STAY TOGETHER THIS WAY.

YOU'D MAKE A SHARPY ARMY REGIMENT!

MAYBE WE COULD BAND TOGETHER-- FORM A SPECIAL SUPER-BATTALION--!

NO, NOT A BATTALION! WE'RE NOT PART OF ANY ARMY.

WE FIGHT ONLY IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE... AND THAT'LL GIVE US OUR NAME...

*SEE THE USA'S "UNWOUND ORIGIN," IN THE JUSTICE SOCIETY BLUE-RIBBON DIGEST, STILL ON SALE IF YOU'RE LUCKY.--LEN.

...THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA!*

NO NEED FOR MODESTY, SIR! WITHOUT YOU, THERE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN A JSA-- OR AN ALL-STAR SQUADRON.

AH, BUT DOES EITHER EXIST ANY LONGER, ATOM?

I'D ASKED THE JUSTICE SOCIETY, WITH HAWKMAN AS CHAIRMAN, TO FORM THE CORE OF THE NEW ALL-STAR GROUP...

...BUT UNDERSTANDABLY, IF REGRETFULLY, THEY PREFERRED TO JOIN THE ARMED SERVICES, RATHER THAN STAY HERE ON THE HOME FRONT.

DO YOU KNOW HOW YOUR FELLOW JSA'ERS ARE DOING, BY THE WAY?

WE HAVE OUR WAYS OF KEEPING IN TOUCH, SIR.

I'M IN TRAINING TO BE A TANK-CORPSMAN MYSELF, STATIONED IN VIRGINIA...

BUT THEN, YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU...

...OR ELSE PVT AL PRATT WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN A SPECIAL LEAVE TO REPORT HERE TONIGHT.

'HAWKMAN'S A TYRO--A 'DODD'. I THINK THEY CALL 'EM--IN THE ARMY AIR FORCE ON THE WEST COAST...

'...WHILE SANDMAN'S LOOKING FORWARD TO HANDLING THE 37-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNON.

'AND DR. FATE, WHO'S SPANNED THE GAPS BETWEEN THE WORLDS, WILL SOON BE PRACTICING TO BE A PARACHUTE TROOPER.

"THOUGH HE'S TECHNICALLY BLIND...IN A WAY...
DR. MID-NITE'S ALTER EGO HAS BEEN
COMMISSIONED A CAPTAIN IN THE MEDICAL
CORPS.

"HE AND HIS
ASSISTANT MIDRA
ARE IN THE
PACIFIC WAR
ZONE RIGHT NOW,
WORKING ON A
CRASH CURE FOR
TYPHOID FEVER.

"STORMWAVE'S
OTHER SELF IS IN FLIGHT
TRAINING,
TOO...AT
FORT
RANDOLPH,
NEAR SAN
ANTONIO...

"...WHILE JOHNNY
THUNDER'S JOINED
THE ARMY; HEAVEN
HELP IT!

"THE SAFARI'S KEEPING BUSY HERE AT
HOME... BUT THE LAST I HEARD, EVEN
GREEN LANTERN HAD ENLISTED!

"I'M NOT SURE
ABOUT OUR OTHER
HONORARY JEA'ERS...

"...BUT THIS BLASTED
WAR'D BE OVER BY
NOW, IF BLACK MAGIC
HADN'T STOPPED US
FROM SMASHING
THAT TWO
WEEKS AGO!

WHAT OF THE
NEW-JEA'ERS,
ATOM?...

...THE ONES
IN THE NEW
ALL-STAR
SQUADRON?

I'M AFRAID
...I DON'T
KNOW
THEM
QUITE AS
WELL, SIR.

I'M
SURE
THEY'RE
ALL
DOING
THEIR
PART,
THOUGH.

I'M
CERTAIN
THEY ARE.

UH, WOULD YOU
MIND WHEELING
ME INTO THE
NEXT ROOM,
PLEASE?

SURE, MR. PRESIDENT.
BUT IS THIS ALL YOU
CALLED ME HERE
FOR? I--

HUH??
HOLY
JUMPING--!

IT'S-- THE REST OF THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON!!

MOST OF US
JUST GOT HERE
OURSELVES,
ATOM.

HE SAID SOME-
BODY ELSE'D BE
JOINING US, BUT
HE DIDN'T SAY IT
WOULD BE YOU.

WITH YOU IN UNIFORM,
FRIEND, I'M SURPRISED
THE AXIS POWERS
HAVEN'T SURRENDERED
YET.

'TIS
GOOD
TO GREET
YOU AGAIN,
LAD.

Y-YOU DIDN'T
TELL ME, MR.
PRESIDENT...

HECK, SIR
JUSTIN, IT'S
ONLY BEEN A
WEEK
OR SO.

PLEASE FORGIVE MY
LITTLE MELODRAMATICS,
ATOM... BUT I REALLY DID
WANT TO LEARN MORE
ABOUT YOUR JSA FRIENDS'
ACTIVITIES THAN MOST OF
THESE FELLOWS KNEW.

HAWKMAN ALWAYS EXCEPTED,
OF COURSE, IN CERTAIN AREAS.

IT'S JUST GOOD TO
SEE THEM AGAIN, SIR..
BUT WHAT ABOUT
PLASTIC MAN?

IF IT'S OLD MOMIE
WEEK, SHOULDN'T
OUR FBI LIAISON
BE HERE?

HE'S ON SPECIAL ASSIGN-
MENT, ALAS... BUT HE SENDS
HIS REGARDS.

YOU LOOK GREAT, KID! I'VE
BEEN THINKING OF SIGNING
UP MYSELF, BUT--

DON'T!
JOHNNY
QUICK'S
NEEDED
HERE ON
THE MOMIE
FRONT.

YEAH,
WELL...!

I GUESS I
WAS INVITED, ATOM,
TO KEEP SORT
OF A JSA
PRESENCE...
EVEN THOUGH
I WAS NEVER
OFFICIALLY A MEMBER.

UNDER THAT
MASK, THOUGH,
I'LL BET
YOU'RE A
BETTER LOOKER
THAN HAWKMAN.

GLAD YOU'RE
RECOVERED FROM
OUR MEXICAN
ADVENTURE, SHIERA.

HOW ABOUT
YOU, DANETTE?
STILL KEEPING
THE HOMEFIRES
BURNING AS THE
NEW, IMPROVED
FIREBRAND?

WHAT ELSE
SHOULD I
DO WITH
POWERS LIKE
THIS?

RENT MYSELF
OUT AS A
ROOM
HEATER?

A FEW MOMENTS OF INEVITABLE SMALL TALK...

LOVED YOUR COLUMN ON THE ANTI-RISE! MYSTERY, LIBERTY BELLE

YOU MEAN LIBBY LAWRENCE'S ... BUT THANKS.

FALA'S ADORABLE, MR. PRESIDENT.

... JUST LIKE HIS NEWS PHOTOS!

...AND THEN!

I, ER, HATE TO INTRUDE UPON YOUR REUNION, MY FRIENDS, BUT--

WE SUSPECTED YOU DIDN'T SEND FOR US TO START A COUPLE OF BRIDGE RUBBERS, SIR

NO, I'M AFRAID SOMETHING FAR MORE SERIOUS IS ON MY MIND...

WE'VE LEARNED THERE MAY BE A PLOT AFOOT TO KILL THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER!

WHAT? BUT EVEN SO, SIR, ISN'T THAT A MATTER FOR THE ENGLISH TO--?

CHURCHILL LEFT LONDON ON THE 12TH-- ON A DESTROYER BOUND FOR AMERICA.

HE'S DUE TO ARRIVE-- SOMETIME TODAY!

CHURCHILL--HERE, ON US, SOON?!

THAT'LL BRING OUT THE AXIS ASSASSINS, ALL RIGHT!

ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN TELL US, MR. PRESIDENT?

VERY LITTLE, I FEAR! FEW PEOPLE KNOW HE'S EVEN LEFT BRITAIN.

I SHOULD HAVE CALLED YOU IN SOONER, BUT-- WELL, SEVERAL OF MY OWN SONS ARE JUST LEAVING TO REJOIN THEIR REGIMENTS OVER THE HOLIDAYS, AND--

YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO US, SIR.

THUS, A FEW MINUTES AND VERY LITTLE INFORMATION LATER--

GO, MY FRIENDS-- AND MAY GOD BE WITH YOU!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST, MR. PRESIDENT!

MAYBE THE JUSTICE SOCIETY'S SPLIT UP FOR THE DURATION-- BUT THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

I MORE NOT, JOHNNY-- 'CAUSE WHOEVER'S AFTER CHURCHILL MAY BE AFTER THE PRESIDENT AS WELL--

--AND WE DARE NOT LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO EITHER OF THEM!



DIVIDED WE STAND

ALL THROUGH THE MORNINGS OF MONDAY, DEC. 22, THREE OUTRAGEOUSLY-BARBED-TONGUED PATROL THE WIND-TORN STRETCH OF ATLANTIC OCEAN WHICH LIES OFF THE U.S. NAVAL BASE AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

THEN, TOWARD MID-AFTERNOON:

BRRR... NOT EXACTLY *GLACIAL* OUT HERE, IS IT?

THE *AVIARY METAL* & IN MY BELT AND WINGS RADIATES JUST ENOUGH HEAT TO KEEP ME FROM TURNING INTO A FLYING POPCORN, BUT YOU TWO--

& THE STRANGE METAL, DISCOVERED BY CARTER (NAMESMAN) HALL, WHICH GIVES THE WINGED WONDERS THE POWER TO DEFEY GRAVITY. MORE ABOUT IT IN A NEAR-FUTURE ISSUE. -- LENA.



--HAVE OUR SENSE OF MISSION TO KEEP US WARM, HAWKSHIRL.

ALAS, HOWEVER, E'EN WINGED VICTORY SHOWS SIGNS OF TIRING--SO I SHALL BE FORCED TO FLY LIBERTY BELLE BACK TO SHORE, ERE LONG.

I'LL KEEP THE L'-BOAT WATCH GOING WHEN YOU DO--AND IF A NAZI SUB HAPPENS TO COME WITHIN TEN MILES OR SO IN THIS SUDDEN PEB, I'LL ACTUALLY BE ABLE TO SEE IT AND LET THE NAVY KNOW!

HOW'RE YOU DOING, MISS LAWRENCE?

PLEASE... MAKE IT BELLE WHEN I'M IN COSTUME, OKAY?

I DON'T WANT TO *SHOW* MY COVER, AND HAVE TO GO BACK TO BEING JUST AN OVERPAID RADIO NEWSWOMAN!

IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, THOUGH, I'M *COLD*--SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

YOU WERE DOUBTLESS *COLDER*, LASS, THE DAY YOU SWAM THE *ENGLISH CHANNEL* TO ESCAPE THE GERMANS AT *BARBIC*.

DON'T REMIND ME, KNIGHT! THE EXPERTS SAY WHAT I DID WAS *IMPOSSIBLE*... AND I'M PREPARED NOT TO MAKE THE HISTORY BOOKS.

I WAS DOING IT TO SAVE MY OWN SKIN, DON'T FORGET!

MADE GOOD
COPY, TOO,
DIDN'T IT?

WELL, I'LL CALL
THE OTHER TWO
GROUPS... SEE IF
THEY'VE GOT
ANYTHING TO
REPORT...

AND SO SHE DOES, ON A SOPHISTICATE BEET-
MIKE PROVIDED BY HAWKMAN'S LIKE-MASKED
FIANCEE FROM HER OWN RECENTLY INHERITED
FORTUNE...

JOHNNY!

HAWKMAN JUST CALLED TO
TELL US SHE AND THE SHINING
KNIGHT ARE STILL COMING UP
BLANK ON THE GOOD SHIP
BUKE OF YORK, AND--

HEY-
LOOK
OUT!

HUH?

WHAT IN
BLUE
BLAZES--?

WATCH
WHERE YOU'RE
GOIN', BUDDY,
ON THAT--

HEH? Y-YOU
AIN'T RIDIN' A
MOTORCYCLE,
ARE YOU??

HERE, BRANDY-- HOLD
THIS FOR ME TILL
LATER,
OKAY?

RIGHT
THE
FIRST
TIME!

A CHRISTMAS
PRESENT FOR LIBERTY
BELLE, I TAKE IT?

YOU'RE A SHARP
LADY, FOR A NEW
RECRUIT, YOU KNOW
THAT?

I'VE GOT EYES,
THAT'S ALL..

... EYES WHICH, FOR BETTER OR
WORSE, CAN BARELY SEE THE
ROAD UP AHEAD, LET ALONE
ANY POSSIBLE
LURKING
ASSASSINS.

IF THEY'RE
AROUND, BRANDY,
I'LL FIND 'EM--
AND YOU CAN
ARY 'EM!

WHILE, AT THE NAVAL INSTALLATIONS THEMSELVES...

I'M NOT WILD ABOUT
THIS FOS, ATOM--
ESPECIALLY THE WAY
IT ROLLED IN JUST
WHEN CHURCHILL'S
DESTROYER SHOULD
BE POPPING OVER
THE HORIZON.

YOU DON'T THINK
THE AMES' COULD
HAVE CAUSED IT
SOMEHOW, DO
YOU, ROBOTMAN?

I DON'T SEE NOW-- BUT
THEN I'M ONLY A SCIENTIST,
NOT A PROPHET.

YEAH... A SCIENTIST
WHO'S BUILT LIKE A
TANK, I SHOULD
BE SO LUCKY!

I'D TRADE PLACES
WITH
YOU, FELLA-- ANY DAY
OF THE WEEK.

ON THAT PHILOSOPHICAL NOTE,
WE REJOIN OUR SEA-FLYING
TRIO, JUST AS--

LOOKS LIKE WE CAN
ALL HEAD FOR HOME
AND A HOT SHOWER,
PEOPLE!

SEE?
OVER
THERE!

'TIS A BRITISH DESTROYER
RIGHT ENOW-- BUT KNOW YOU,
BELLE, IF IT BE IN TRUTH THE
H.M.S. DUKE OF YORK?

THE PRESIDENT SAID THIS
WAS THE YORK'S MAJESTY
MOMENT, REMEMBER-- SO
IT WASN'T EXACTLY ON
DISPLAY WHEN I DID MY
CHANNEL SWIM LAST
YEAR.

WHAT COUNTS IS,
SHE MADE IT HERE SAFELY--
EVEN IF THE ATLANTIC IS
FAST BECOMING THE NEXT
THING TO A GERMAN
LAKE!

ARE YOU
TWO BACK TO
THE ROCKS?

MOMENTS LATER, HOWEVER, NO GREAT-
MINDED FIGURES GHOOP BY HER NEW
BLACKHEADS...

... AS THE DUKE OF YORK NEARVES
WITHIN SIGHT OF THE GREAT
MARINE BASE.

THEN,
WITHOUT
WARNING--

BLANKOON

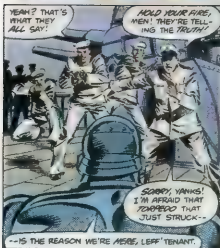
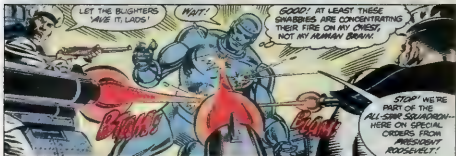
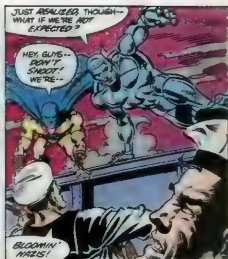
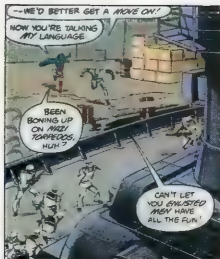
GOOD
SORRY!

DID YOU
HEAR THAT,
ROB--?

OFFHAND, I'D SAY IT WAS A
GERMAN ELECTRIC TORPEDO--
THE TYPE EQUIPPED WITH A
MAGNETIC FIRING DEVICE!

UH--
RIGHT!

OR, TO PUT
IT ANOTHER
WAY, ATOM--

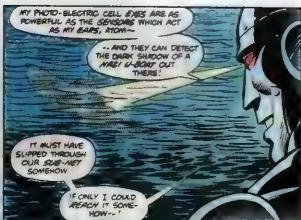




MOELY-- TAKE A
GANDER AT
THAT, METAL
MAN!

I COULD DRIVE
A TRANK
THROUGH THE
HOLE THAT--
HEMP?

WHAT'S
HOLDING? WHAT'RE
YOU STARRING AT?

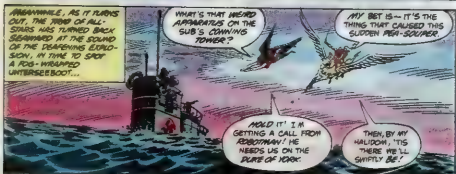


MY PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL EYES ARE AS
POWERFUL AS THE SENSORS WHICH ACT
AS MY EARS, ATOM--

-- AND THEY CAN DETECT
THE DARK SHADOW OF A
NAREI U-BOAT OUT
THERE!

IT MUST HAVE
SLIPPED THROUGH
OUR SUB-MET
SOMEHOW

IF ONLY I COULD
REACH IT SOME-
HOW--



MEANWHILE, AS IT TURNS
OUT, THE TROOP OF ALL-
STARS HAS TURNED BACK
SEAWARD AT THE SOUND
OF THE DEAFENING EXPLO-
SION, IN TIME TO SPOT
A PDS-WRAPPED
UNTERSEEBOAT...

WHAT'S THAT WEIRD
APPARATUS ON THE
SUB'S CANNING
TOWER?

MY BET IS-- IT'S THE
THING THAT CAUSED THIS
SUDDEN PERI-SOLPER

WOULD IT! I'M
GETTING A CALL FROM
ROBOTMAN! HE
NEEDS US ON THE
DURE OF YORK.

THEN, BY MY
HALIDOM, 'TIS
THERE WE'LL
SWIFTLY BE!



OHAY, ROBOTMAN...

YOU WANT
STEEL
CABLE--
YOU GOT
STEEL
CABLE!

THAT
SHOULD DO
MOELY,
ATOM--



... IF WHIMSED VICTORY CAN CARRY IT
TO ITS DESTINATION

HE
CAN

HE CAN!



MEANWHILE, PERICHA-
RA EYES PEER
SHOREWARD A
MOMENT...



THEN THE
U-BOAT
BEGINS ITS
SWIFT RESCUE.



... AND HERE'S
FOR THE CROWN
SEA!

ALAS, 'T WILL DO
LITTLE GOOD TO
LASSO YON
VESSEL'S
PERISCOPE
AND NAUGHT
BESIDE

OH, DIDN'T
I TELL
YOU,
KNIGHT?...



I FIGURED
IT WAS TIME
I TOOK
ANOTHER
SWIM!

BELLE--YON
WATERS ARE
COLD!

TELL
ME ABOUT
IT.



IT'S JUST
POSSIBLE I'VE
DONE CRAZIER
THINGS THAN TRY
TO HOSTILE A
U-BOAT WITH A
STEEL CABLE IN
THE DEAD OF
WINTER...



SO HOW COME
I CAN'T REMEMBER
ANY OF THEM?

THERE! BETTER
SURFACE
FAST--

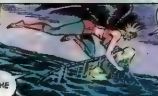
--BEFORE
I MAKE THE
BRINY DEEP MY
PERMANENT
ADDRESS.



SCANT SECONDS LATER...

I'D HEARD ABOUT
THOSE AMAZING
ADRENAL POWERS
OF YOURS, BELLE--
BUT I NEVER
BELIEVED--

TH--THANKS!
TAKE M--ME--TO THE
OTHERS--!



NOT THE WAY
YOU'RE
SHIVERING!

I'M SCOUTING
UP JOHNNY
QUICK AND
FIREBRAND--SO
ONE OF 'EM CAN
GET YOU TO A
WASHINGTON
ADDRESS!

WHILE, ON SHORE...

GOT THAT CABLE
TIED FAST YET,
ATOM?

KEEP
YOUR LID
ON, OKAY,
TIN MAN--

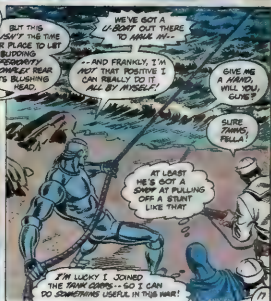


--UNLESS
YOU WANT TO DO
IT YOURSELF?



WHEN... I'VE GOT A
PRETTY GOOD IDEA
WHAT'S SAYING
YOU, LITTLE BUDDY.

BUT THIS
ISN'T THE TIME
OR PLACE TO LET
A BUDDING
IMPERFECTLY
COMPLEX REAR
ITS BLUSHING
HEAD.



WE'VE GOT A
U-BOAT OUT THERE
TO HAUL IN--

--AND FRANKLY, I'M
NOT THAT POSITIVE I
CAN REALLY DO IT
ALL BY MYSELF!

GIVE ME
A HAND,
WILL YOU,
GUY?

SURE
THINGS,
FELLA!

AT LEAST
HE'S GOT A
SHOT AT PULLING
OFF A STUNT
LIKE THAT

I'M LUCKY I JOINED
THE TRAMP CARRS--SO I CAN
DO SOMETHING USEFUL IN THIS WAR!



MEANTIME, NOT FAR AWAY: A SIGHT SO ASTONISHING, SO UTTERLY BEYOND BELIEF THAT IT WILL BE MONTHS, EVEN YEARS, BEFORE THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WILL RELEASE NEWS OF THE EVENT TO THE WAITING WORLD...

WELL, I'LL BE A--
YOU DID IT,
ROBOTMAN!

YOU
REALLY
DID IT!

I DID
DIDN'T I--

--WITH A LITTLE
HELP FROM A GOOD
OLD AMERICAN
WINCH, ANYWAY!

SET SET,
BOYS! IN A
SECOND THOSE
JERRIES'LL COME
POURING OUT OF
THERE LIKE
WEAPONS FROM
UNDER A ROCK!

IF ONLY WE COULD CAPTURE SOME OF
THEM ALIVE, ATOM-- BUT THEY'LL
COME OUT SHOOTING, IF I KNOW MY
NAZIS!

ALIVE?
THEN, SIR, I'D
SUGGEST YOU
TELL YOUR MEN
TO TAKE
COVER--

--AND LET THE
ALL-STAR
SQUADRON
TAKE A
CRACK AT IT!

BETWEEN
US, WE'VE BROUGHT
MORE WILD THINGS
BACK ALIVE THAN
FRANK BUCK.

FOR LONG MINUTES,
THE U-BOAT SITS
SILENT, APPARENTLY
LIFELESS, COLD
WAVES LAPPING ITS
METAL SIDES. THEN--

--ITS INHABITANTS DO
INVADED COME OUT
FIRING, ONLY TO
DISCOVER:

'CACK! TH-THERE
IS NO ONE
HERE!'

«THE BEACH IS--DESERTED!»

OH, COME
ON, BOYS--



TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH!

--YOU'RE
NOT REALLY
LOOKING!

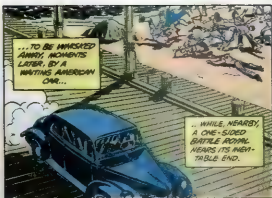
IN ACTUALITY, ONLY
FIVE COLOR-SPLASHED
FORMS WERE SUDDENLY
INTO THE EMERGING
SUBMARINERS THIS
ABRUPTLY SUNNY
AFTERNOON.

LATER ESTIMATES
BY THE PRISONERS-OF-
WAR THEMSELVES WILL
PUT THE NUMBER CONSIDER-
ABLY HIGHER.

MEANWHILE, A FIGURE WHICH APPEARS TO BE THAT OF WYNDHAM CHURCHILL WALKS UNSPEAKING DOWN THE GANG-PLANK OF THE DUKE OF YORK, AHEAD OF HIS ENTOURAGE...



...TO BE WHISKED AWAY, MOMENTS LATER, BY A WAITING AMERICAN CAR...

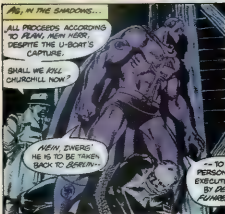


... WHILE, NEARBY, A ONE-SIDED BATTLE RAGES NEARS ITS UNTHINKABLE END.

AS, IN THE SHADOWS...

ALL PROCEEDS ACCORDING TO PLAN, MEN HERE, DESPITE THE U-BOAT'S CAPTURE.

SHALL WE KILL CHURCHILL NOW?



NEIN, ZWERS! HE IS TO BE TAKEN BACK TO BERLIN...

-- TO BE PERSONALLY EXECUTED BY DER FUHRER!

IT IS ALREADY DARK WHEN THE PLANE FROM HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA, ARRIVES AT A SPECIAL HEAVILY-GUARDED LANDING-STRIP AT THE WASHINGTON AIRPORT.



... WHERE A LONE AND LONELY FIGURE WAITS BY A PARKED LIMOUSINE.

A CARVE HE HAS, BUT NO HELPFUL SHOULDER AT HAND, TO LEAN ON

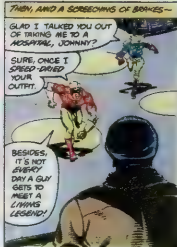


THEN, AND A SCREECHING OF BRAKES--

GLAD I TALKED YOU OUT OF TAKING ME TO A HOSPITAL, JOHNNY?

SURE, ONCE I SPEED-DRIVED YOUR OUTFIT.

BESIDES, IT'S NOT EVERY DAY A GUY GETS TO MEET A LIVING LEGEND!

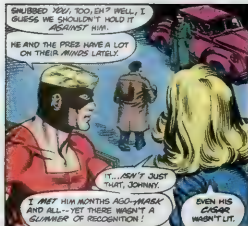


PLEASE FORGIVE JOHNNY QUICK, MR. PRIME MINISTER! HE'S A BIT EXCITABLE, I KNOW, BUT HE MEANS...

... WELL.



THE BULKY LITTLE FIGURE CONTINUES ON ITS WAY, UNBESIDING.



SHUBBED YOU, TOO, EN? WELL, I GUESS WE SHOULDN'T HOLD IT AGAINST HIM.

HE AND THE PREZ HAVE A LOT ON THEIR MINDS LATELY.

IT...ASN'T JUST THAT, JOHNNY.

I MET HIM MONTHS AGO--MASK AND ALL--YET THERE WASN'T A GLIMMER OF RECOGNITION!

EVEN HIS CASAR WASN'T LIT.



IT'S ALMOST AS IF--

JOHNNY! I JUST REALIZED--THAT MIGHT NOT BE CHURCHILL AT ALL!

YOU'VE GOT TO--

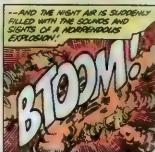
I'M GONE, LADY!

BUT, EVEN AS THE MASTER OF THE SECRET SPEED-FORMULA SPEAKS--



--TWO HANDS MOVE TOWARD EACH OTHER, WITH WHAT SEEMS AN EASY INTIMACY--

THEY TOUCH--



--AND THE NIGHT AIR IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS AND SIGHTS OF A MONDREUS EXPLOSION!

UP TO THIS POINT, IT ALL HAS THE STRANGELY FAMILIAR LOOK OF A CERTAIN PIECE OF FILM, PRODUCED OVER FIFTY YEARS IN BERLIN AND AMERICA.



YET, AS THE SMOKE CLEARS--

LOOK! THAT WASN'T CHURCHILL AT ALL--BUT A BOOBY-TRAPPED ROBOT OF SOME KIND!

AND--IT WASN'T REALLY THE PRESIDENT, EITHER! IT WAS--

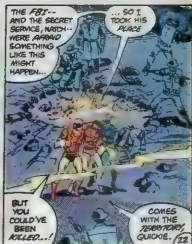


--PLASTIC MAN?--

GLAD I'M IN A SOLID ENOUGH PIECE...FOR YOU TO RECOGNIZE ME!

YOU WERE MASQUERADING AS F.R.?

IF GEORGE M. CONYAN CAN DO IT, SO CAN I!



THE FBI--AND THE SECRET SERVICE, NATCH--WERE AFRAID SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN...

...SO I TOOK HIS PLACE

BUT YOU COULD'VE BEEN KILLED...!

COMES WITH THE TERRITORY, QUICKIE. (22)

WE'LL BE OKAY IN A MIN-- BUT I FAILED! MY REFLEXES WEREN'T FAST ENOUGH TO--

NOBODY WING ALL THE TIME, JOHNNY. YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN.

THE SOONER YOU REALIZE THAT, THE HAPPIER WE'LL ALL BE.

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR FROM A WIDE-GAPING HOLE IN THE WIRE FENCE WHICH SURROUNDS THE NAVAL INSTALLATIONS AT NORFOLK...

JUST SIT BACK AND RELAX, MERR BARCH.

THIS ROADSTER WILL TAKE US TO OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THE ROCKET U-BOAT.

MUNDERRAR! IT IS FORTUNATE I DID NOT RELY ENTIRELY UPON THE VESSEL WHICH ATTACKED THE BRITISH SHIP.

JO! SOON, WE WILL BE SAFELY BACK IN BERLIN, WHERE--

WAS IST--? I--I AM PRESSING THE GAS PEDAL TO THE FLOORBOARD, YET THE CAR WILL NOT--

OH, IT'LL MOVE ALL RIGHT, LITTLE MAN-- WHEN ROBOTMAN WANTS IT TO!

GOTT IM HIMMEL! HE IS LIFTING THE BACK END OF THE CAR RIGHT OFF THE GROUND!

YOU DIDN'T THINK I WASN'T GOING TO SCOOT AROUND AFTER WE FINISHED OFF THOSE GERMAN U-BOATERS, DID YOU?

NOW, I'M NOT SURE JUST WHO YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE, FRIEND--

--BUT YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT ANYONE WITH SHOULDERPLASTERS ALL OVER HIM IS A WEE BIT SUSPECT THESE DAYS.

I AM BARCH BLITZKRIEG, SCHWERNUNG--

--AND YOU SHALL BE THE FIRST AMERIKANER TO LEARN WHY DER FUHRER NAMED ME THUS!

UHHNN--!

POW!

CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED BY BLITZKRIEG'S SUPERHUMAN BLOW, ROBOTMAN'S HUMAN BODY IS ADVENTUROUSLY STUNNED, WITHIN ITS METALLIC CASING...

YET, A MOMENT MORE, AND THE MAN OF METAL IS ON HIS FEET AGAIN, GROGGY BUT UNBOWED...

SEHR GUT! NOW IT SHALL BE MY PLEASURE TO--
KAS?

THAT
BALL OF
FLAME--!

THE BETTER TO MELT
THE CONCRETE BENEATH
YOUR FEET, WHOEVER
YOU ARE!

WAY TO GO,
BRANDY! THAT
OUGHT TO BLOW
THAT BIG RATE!
DOWN JUST
ENOUGH--

--FOR ME
TO DO SOME
LAYING-ON
OF HANDS!

3...2...1... NOW WHAT
YOU HAVE OVERPAID
ME, DUMMKOPF--

--DO YOU THINK
YOU CAN SURVIVE
YOUR GOOD
FORTUNE?

ENOUGH! I'VE NO
MORE TIME TO WASTE
IN FECKLESS BATTLE
WITH SUCH AS THESE

--WHEN MEIN RUNNER
AWAITS ME, WITH A HERD'S
WELCOME, IN HIS HEAD-
QUARTERS NEAR THE
RUSSIAN FRONT!

THERE'S OUR PREY, KNIGHT--
WITH THE REAL CHILDRELL!

HE CAN
FLY? THEN WHY
THE ROADSTER?

SHORT TRIPS
AROUND THE
NEIGHBORHOOD?

DON'T WORRY--WE
WON'T GET FAR, WITH
HAWKSHIRE AND THE
SHINING KNIGHT CRUISING
AROUND UPSTAIRS!

I
HOPE!

'TIS GOOD
THAT LIBERTY BELLE
DID INFORM US
WHAT OCCURRED
IN THE CAPITAL.

NOW, NAZI, I KNOW NOT WHAT POWERS BE YOURS-- BUT YIELD YOUR CAPTIVE, AT ONCE--

--OR LEARN HOW THEY FARE AGAINST MINE ENCHANTED SWORD!

THEN, PERHAPS BECAUSE HE'S NOT CERTAIN WHAT THE OUTCOME WOULD BE--

--THE GERMAN JUSSERVAULT DOES A MOST ASTONISHING THING:

I CANNOT ESCAPE WITH CHURCHILL NOW.

BUT I'LL HAVE OTHER CHANCES AT HIM, WHILE HE'S ON AMERICAN SOIL.

MEANWHILE, THE KNIGHT WILL NOT LET HIM FALL TO HIS DEATH!

TRUE ENOUGH--THOUGH IT ISN'T SIR JUSTIN WHO RETRIEVES THE PLUNNETING PRIME MINISTER...

GOT YOU, SIR!

I'LL HAVE TO LAND RIGHT AWAY, THOUGH.

CHURCHILL'S PHYSICAL SELF ISN'T MUCH LIGHTER THAN HIS RHETORIC.

AND IF THE SHINING KNIGHT IS CURIOUS ABOUT BARON BLITZKRIEG'S PRECISE POWERS--

--HE'S ABOUT TO LEARN THE BASIS OF ALL OF THEM!

FULL CONTROL, AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, OVER HIS BODY'S ENERGY--

--PLUS THE SKILL TO DIRECT THAT WITHERING ENERGY AS HE WILLS!

ZAPK!

WHINNEE!

WINGED VICTORY!

THANK HEAVEN YOU AND YOUR MOUNT ARE BOTH SAFE, KNIGHT!

WE'LL BOTH FLY AGAIN, ERE LONG.

BUT-- THE ONE WE DID PURSUE--?

HE CAN EVEN FLY--ALBEIT ONLY FOR BRIEF PERIODS.

I'M AFRAID BARON BLITZKRIEG'S 'WAY OUT OF OUR COLLECTIVE REACH FOR THE MOMENT.

EVEN THAT LITTLE GUY MADE OFF, WHILE WE WERE CHASING HIS BOSS.

UNFORTUNATELY, ATOM, WE'LL PROBABLY HEAR FROM BOTH OF THEM AGAIN--AND I'VE A HUNCH IT'LL BE LONG BEFORE THE ALLIES GO MARCHING INTO BERLIN!

DEJA VU DEPT: SOON AFTER-
WARD, A SECOND ARMY TRANS-
PORT LANDS AT THE CAPITAL AIR-
PORT, BEARING A VERY IMPORTANT
PASSENGER.



WITH THE SELF-ASSURANCE THAT
BELIES HIS ROUNDED FRAME, THE
MAN STRIDES TOWARD ANOTHER
WHO HALF-STANDS, HALF-LEANS
AGAINST A DARK LIMOUSINE.



AS HE DID BEFORE, AT
THE SIGNING OF THE
ATLANTIC CHARTER, THE
BRITON EXTENDS A FIRM
HAND...

...A HAND CLASPED IN FRIEND-
SHIP.



WELCOME TO THE
UNITED STATES,
"FORMER NAVAL
PERSON."

COLLY
GOOD
SNOW,
"POTUS."

AS, A
RESPECTFUL
DISTANCE
AWAY...

YOU KNOW,
ALL-STARS...
I'VE GOT A
HUNCH THINGS
ARE GONNA
GO GREAT
GLORY FOR
THE ALLIES
FROM HERE
ON.

DON'T BE TOO OPTIMISTIC,
JOHNNY. THERE A LONG
HARD ROAD AHEAD...

YET 'TIS A JOURNEY
WE'LL BEGIN!



AMEN!

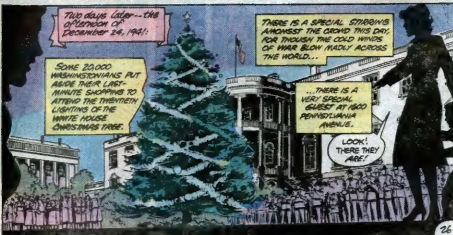
Two days later--the
afternoon of
December 24, 1941:

SOME 20,000
WASHINGTONIANS PUT
ASIDE THEIR LAST-
MINUTE SHOPPING TO
ATTEND THE TWENTIETH
LIGHTING OF THE
WHITE HOUSE
CHRISTMAS TREE.

THERE IS A SPECIAL STIRRING
AMONGST THE CROWD THIS DAY,
FOR THOUGH THE COLD WINDS OF WAR BLOW MADLY ACROSS
THE WORLD...

...THERE IS A
VERY SPECIAL
GUEST AT 1600
PENNSYLVANIA
AVENUE.

LOOK!
THERE THEY
ARE!





MERRY CHRISTMAS,
WINNIE!

FOR ONCE, MR. PRESIDENT,
I THINK WE ALL-STARS
ARE GLAD NOT TO BE THE
CENTER OF ATTENTION.

FOR ONCE,
ROBOTHAN...
SO AM I.

...NAMESLY, TURNING ON THE
CHRISTMAS TREE LIGHTS,
EH, HARRY?

YES, MR.
PRESIDENT.

NOW, IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE ME, I MUST
PERFORM MY MOST
IMPORTANT FUNCTION OF
THIS HOLIDAY SEASON...



THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON...
HARRY HOPKINS... EVEN
THE EXILED CROWN
PRINCE AND PRINCESS
OF OCCUPIED NORWAY...

...EACH WATCHES BRIGHT-
EYED AS THE TREE
LIGHTS SUDDENLY GLOW
IN THE GATHERING DARK,
AS IF THEY'D SEEK SOME-
HOW TO LIGHT UP THE
WORLD.

THEN, INTRODUCED BY THE PRESIDENT--THAT
RICH, RINGING VOICE, WHICH SEEMS TO
EMBODY THE HOPES AND FEARS OF THE
FREEDOM-LOVING WORLD:

I SPEND THIS
ANNIVERSARY AND FESTIVAL
FAR FROM MY COUNTRY,
FAR FROM MY FAMILY... YET
I CANNOT TRUTHFULLY SAY
THAT I FEEL FAR
FROM HOME.



THIS IS A STRANGE
CHRISTMAS EVE; ALMOST
THE WHOLE WORLD IS
LOCKED IN DEADLY
STRUGGLE.

LET US CAST ASIDE
FOR THIS NIGHT AT LEAST
THE CARES AND DANGERS
WHICH BESET US, AND MAKE
FOR THE CHILDREN AN
EVENING OF HAPPINESS
IN A WORLD OF STORM.

LET THE CHILDREN
HAVE THEIR NIGHT OF
FUN AND LAUGHTER;
LET THE GIFTS OF FATHER
CHRISTMAS DELIGHT
THEIR PLAY.

LET US GROWN-UPS
SHARE TO THE FULL IN THEIR
UNSTINTED PLEASURES, BEFORE
WE TURN AGAIN TO THE STERN
TASK AND THE FORMIDABLE
YEARS THAT LIE BEFORE US...

...RESOLVED
THAT, BY OUR SACRIFICE
AND DARING, THESE SAME
CHILDREN SHALL NOT BE
ROBBED OF THEIR INHER-
ITANCE... OR DENIED THEIR
RIGHT TO LIVE IN A FREE
AND DECENT WORLD.

AND
SO, IN
GOD'S MERCY...
A HAPPY
CHRISTMAS TO
YOU ALL!

AND ONCE AGAIN,
A SOLDIER HOME CAN
LEAVE BREATHES...

AMEN.

NEXT ISSUE:
THE
RETURN
OF THE MAN
CALLED
SPYGLASS!

ALL-STAR COMMENTS

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Dear Editor,

Amidst a plethora of super-heroes, I find myself immersed in ALL-STAR SQUADRON #3, thrilled by exploits of heroes seldom seen till now! "The Dooms of Dark December" has helped firm in my mind the ideal behind the "new" ALL-STAR. Certainly, the First Lady's speech was a dead giveaway for those who had not divined this direction by the end of issue #3, but I think the moment of insight for me came when Robotman began his ground-to-air attack with the ancient cannonballs. His comment about their being melted down as scrap for shells nailed home the feeling of what it must have been like on the "Home Front" during World War II. The public spirit and national consciousness must indeed have been high enough to unite such a large gathering of heroes under one cause.

As with the Degaton Trilogy, the main threat encountered by the All-Star Squadron was not directly related to World War II, but the War is always there, ever-present in the minds of the readers as well as the citizens of the magazine. I don't know how accurately these readings coincide with those of that time in history, but it sure makes for interesting reading—much more than an issue-after-issue battle with the Nazis would have. So thank you, Robotman, for confirming in my mind that I am, after all, going to like the "new" ALL-STAR. If it continues to be as good as the Degaton Trilogy, there won't be another doubt in my mind.

Bua—still no sign of Hourman?

Mike Christensen
704 S. Third St.
Rockford, IL 61108

Not yet, Mike—but keep watching! Meanwhile, the past few issues have of necessity dealt more directly with the War than the first few, but the pendulum will swing back the other way in the near future.

—R.T.

Dear Roy, Rich, Len, and Gang:

Just the other day I was heading a very interesting interview with the talented comic artist Gil Kane, and something he said made me stop for a moment. Basically, he stated that one of the biggest problems with most comics being written these days is that the creative personnel responsible for them aren't very well-read out of their specific fields. They stick to the tried-and-true formulas which have been handed down for almost three generations by the two major super-hero publishing companies.

With the creation of the new ARAK, SON OF THUNDER series and in particular ALL-STAR SQUADRON, however, I feel that, if new ground isn't exactly being broken, at least the boundaries are being surveyed with a keener eye for possible expansion.

ALL-STAR SQUADRON takes a large step in the right direction. This book is composed of three qualities absent in most of the comics I've been reading lately. First, the stories have been well-plotted for the amount of characters that have been involved; there is a sense of continuity, and if and when you ever decide on a permanent roster for the team, it would be nice to see more of the private lives of these heroes.

Secondly, we have the great artwork of Rich Buckler and Jerry Ordway, which seems to improve with each installment. (Though, speaking of art, it would be nice if the Buckler/Ordway team could do their own covers. The Joe Kubert cover on #2 just didn't make it.)

The third reason I think ALL-STAR SQUADRON has a chance to be a big smash is that it is an idea whose time has

come once again. This may sound corny, but I feel that we as a country are experiencing a new wave of patriotism heretofore unexperienced since the bygone days of World War Two. It began when American hostages were seized and continues as ordinary citizens and Hollywood entertainers of every race, creed, and color pull together to help stop the atrocious child-killings in Atlanta. And underneath the fancy costumed antics of the All-Star Squadron, it is a spirit which seems to permeate this series. So keep up the great stories and fantastic art; and most of all, don't be afraid to show the utmost pride in our American heritage.

Bill D. Middleton
1010 Connelly
Clovis, New Mexico 88101

Despite the well-intentioned and often dead-on-target iconoclasm of the 1960's and early 70's, Bill, our American heritage is something which we at DC have never been ashamed of. And, though ALL-STAR SQUADRON's future issues will deal perhaps with America's lapses as well as her successes, that's precisely the direction which the magazine will continue to go. (You'll find a bit of the same, hopefully, in our new and improved WONDER WOMAN, written and edited by two of the three stalwarts addressed by your letter.)

ALL-STAR SQUADRON, however, was not intended to jump on any bandwagons, either of patriotic revival—which, in our view, has been long overdue in coming—or of nostalgia for an earlier day of the Raiders of the Lost Ark stripe. We just thought it would be a heckuva mag to have fun with...and that it has definitely been, at least for

—R.T.

FABULOUS FOOTNOTE DEPT. - Remember how we told you in our first issue that we were going to relegate most "historical" or "nostalgic" footnotes to our letters page? Well, we haven't been doing all that much of it so far, in the interest of printing more letters, but here are a few quickies, following this issue's page number to which they refer:

Page 3: By coincidence, the MGM film "Nazi Agent" with Conrad Veidt was released nationwide on Jan. 21, 1942. How's that for timing?

Page 4: British Prime Minister Winston Churchill did indeed arrive in the U.S. on the new battleship Duke of York on December 22, 1941... and was met at the Washington Airport by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt that evening, after dark. We added the fog that pope up later—just as we added the Nazi U-boat and, of course, the All-Star Squadron itself. We've gotta have some leeway, don't we? (And, as in our story, FDR actually served as President for over twelve years without most people ever realizing how really crippled he was. Times have changed... not in every way for the better.)

Page 6: Fala, FDR's Scotch terrier, was the most photographed dog on earth during most of World War Two.

Page 27: Excerpts from Churchill's speech on the White House lawn of Dec. 24, 1941, are authentic, of course.

Oh, and by the way—since those adventures didn't occur until mid-1942 or later, this encounter with Baron Blitzkrieg is the earliest yet recorded, and precedes both those in the tabloid-sized Superman-Wonder Woman clash in ALL-NEW COLLECTORS' EDITION, Vol. 7 (1978) and the baneful Baron's two solo clashes with our amazing Amazon in the pages of WORLD'S FINEST COMICS.

—Roy Thomas